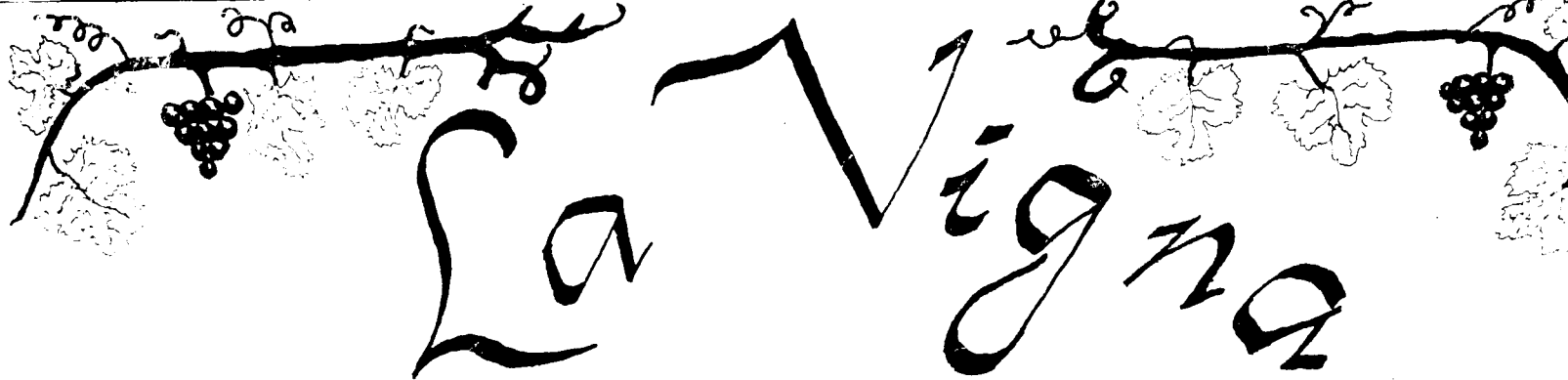


**JASON ARMENTI IN PRINT**

Armenti

Jason Armenti, son of Carmen Armenti and grandson of Mary Bilancio Armenti, has just had an article published in his town paper **The Morning Call**. Jason wrote a book report for his eighth grade class and the teacher was so pleased with it that she suggested that

he submit it to the town newspaper. In addition to his writing Jason also studies Latin and particularly enjoys math and science. He also plays soccer, golf and racquetball. His favorite sport is skiing and since he lives near Jack Frost and Big Boulder Mountains (in the Poconos) he has many

opportunities to ski.

Here are excerpts from his article, a book report on The Outsider by S.E. Hinton: "The story takes place in a socially and economically deprived neighborhood where most of the parents either abuse or just don't care about their children."..."I particularly like this story because it kept my attention and was a very enjoyable story. I would recommend this book to anyone who enjoys action-packed stories."

'Scarole the Fool

By Robert Chianese

When half the village left for America, 'Scarole left with them, for weren't these townsfolk his family? Orphan and fool, he counted every household his own. The people obliged his fantasy and shared the burdens of feeding, clothing and sheltering their roving and ubiquitous son. Even those who could feel no filial bond to so outcast a soul became his willing patrons. For were not the mad in a living purgatory? God would cleanse away their own sins someday; but the fools wandered the earth with the hand of heaven already upon them.

Almost any time of night or day, one could see him treading the cobbled streets. One thought, 'Scarole must see it a duty to pace off so much territory each day." He seemed a companion to the very buildings. The sighing Romeos met him face to face at sunrise after their sleepless nights. He too seemed an insomniac,

(Continued p.4)

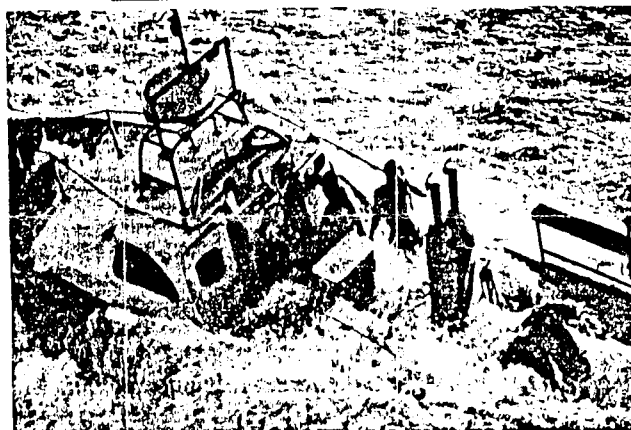
LEWIS BILANCIO MADE PROFESSOR EMERITUS

On May 25 Lew was honored at the Glassboro State College (New Jersey) commencement ceremony for his 29 years of service as a librarian and professor there. Lew just retired from his position as reference librarian. He also taught modern European history and library science during the 60's.

As older family members will remember, Lew always loved books (although he is also known in the family for his love of jokes, especially practical ones!). Lew received his degrees in library science from Columbia ('42) and the University of Chicago ('49). His research into the Italian library system took him to Italy on two Fulbright fellowships in 1949-51.

Lew has since returned to Italy many times, often with groups which he escorted. He opened the Astra Travel Bureau in 1959 in Glassboro. Lew's daughter Corinne (editor of **La Vigna**) worked in the travel agency in 1981-1984. He recently sold the business, although he still resides at 324 North Delsea Drive in Glassboro. Lew has travelled to such places as China, Morocco and Rio de Janeiro and he plans to continue to do some travelling.

Our first issue of **LaVigna** reported Lew's heart bypass operation which he had in February. He is now fully recovered and is keeping very active at home and in his garden.

CHIANESE RESCUES FISHERMAN

Alex Chianese, son of Robert Chianese of Ventura, Calif., made the headlines when he assisted in a sea rescue. "I was in the water--I was getting out--and my friends said, 'There is a boat tipping over,'" said 13 year old Alex Chianese, son of Robert and Pauline Chianese of Ventura. The boy said he knew the waves "were big" but decided to go in anyway. "I think the priority to help other people was stronger than the fear of the waves," he said."

From the
Ventura
County
(Calif.)
"Star"
Free
Press
3/10/

THE CALIFORNIA CONNECTION**Kooky California**

By Roberta Immordino
Palo Alto, California

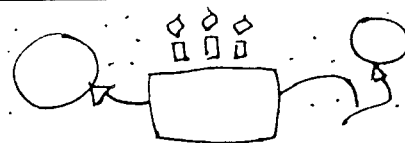
Once you've lived in California, it is easy to lose touch with how other people (especially Easterners) view this part of the country. I always find it most interesting to watch visiting family members adjust to the relaxed California lifestyle.

During Corinne's (our **LaVigna** editor) first visit to the west coast, she decided to take a leisurely walk around Palo Alto one sunny afternoon. As she ambled dreamily through the friendly neighborhood, she noticed that the sign up ahead seemed to have the words "Pinacoloda Street" printed on it. "Ah! California!" Corinne Thought. "They think of everything!" Or was it that Corinne had taken a sip of something before she left on her little walking adventure? It's that California "tourista" that does it. (Note: The street was really Rinconada Street.)

Just this last summer, Aunt Dorothy (Bilancio) became most interest in all the backpacks everyone was using in California. She actually started using her own canvas pocketbook as a backpack during a strenuous hide up Angel Island in the San Francisco Bay. I hear she even got off the plane that way in Atlanta where she lives. It was all due to "kooky California" Uncle Leo (her husband) claimed.

Then there was that Christmas my own parents visited...and Daddy (Bob Immordino) saw his first persimmon tree. Now, my father, if you don't already know, is a persimmon lover. The peak of the California persimmon season is around Dec. and Jan. By the time the persimmons are ready, the tree loses all its leaves, leaving the brilliant orange fruit as a delicious holiday decoration. We were able to find an isolated tract of persimmon trees in a farm area. I was worried about trespassing. Mommy (Jennie Bilancio Immordino) was admiring the splendor of Mother Nature...and Daddy lost no time at all. I had never seen him climb a tree before but he was up into that persimmon tree within seconds. As he shook the tree, persimmons began raining down around us. It was truly an unforgettable sight. Ah! That California tourista!

The last time my parents were with me in Palo Alto was in the fall two years ago. My mother and I took lots of early morning walks and on one, she discovered a gigantic bush of wild rosemary. She found it very funny to see rosemary in such quantities outside the grocery store. So, of course she decided to take some home for her own cooking as well as to show Erminia (Martini). The problem was that the bush was on someone else's

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

July 13	Tony Chianese
16	Ray Klepczynski
17	Jaime MacLeod
19	William Bilancio
22	John Johnson
25	Lorraine Anthony
28	Kristeena Anthony
29	Mary Lynn Nazzaro
31	Dan Nazzaro

August 2	Alphonse Bilancio
4	Jason Armenti
5	Bob Candelori
8	Phyllis Armenti
10	Cheri Candelori
11	Clothilda Bilancio
12	Joe Armenti
21	Henry Montague
22	Lucy Gervasio
29	Bob Immordino
30	Mathilda Bartelone

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY**

July 31	Gary & Rose Chianese
August 17	Susan & Paul Slaminta

SORRY

A belated Happy Anniversary to Bob & Jennie Immordino who celebrated their 43rd anniversary on March 16!



At a recent birthday party for Julianne Wiesner-Chianese (here shown at 1 year old) she was joined by boyfriend Frank Novak (left) and cousin Ira Giuseppe Roberts Bilancio. Nice threesome, isn't it.

property. My mother's solution was to "borrow just a little" that evening under the convenient cover of darkness. I still can't believe I was her partner in crime. Why didn't we just ask the owners? It was more adventurous and less complicated our way. But let's blame it on that "California tourista" or on Uncle Leo's **kooky California**.

Dear family and friends,

Summer, the season of good times, has begun. We hope that you have made plans for summertime activities and that you will find some unexpected pleasures this season. We would like to hear about any special trip, adventure or family gathering you have this summer. Send us a brief note or postcard about it so we can print it in our autumn issue. Photos are welcome, too--they should be clear closeups that will copy well. Labor Day is the deadline for sending us your items for our next paper.

Have a lot of fun.

Affettuosamente,
Corinne Bilancio



Photo taken at Graduation Party for Doctor Ralph Garzio. Ralph and wife Diane at center rear. Family, foreground seated: Frank Garzio, Sr., Sue Garzio. Frank Jr., wife Judy, Sandy, Joey, Al. Ralph is now an Optometrist.

FAMILY MAXIMS

Angelojohn Chianese submits the following saying which he learned from his grandmother, Assunta Chianese.

I was sitting in her kitchen one day in 1974 and telling her about how badly everything was going in my life--from my job to my relationships--and the atmosphere, the room was, at least from where I was sitting, very heavy. Nana listened patiently to the litany of woes and then, in one short phrase made it alright, not only for now, but for everything that ever had or ever would happen in my life! She said, "Scascia 'o mur', s'acconcia 'a via." In "grammatical" Italian this might read: "Il muro cadde, e la via diventa riparata." This loosely translates into English: "The wall crumbles onto the roadway, repairing it."

FINANCIAL REPORT

We thank the following contributors:
Nathan Millner
Jennie & Bob Immordino
Antimo Bilancio
Sue Garzio

Mr. Millner, friend of Rose and Louis Bilancio, gave a generous gift of \$100.

Letters to the Editor

It's been wonderful getting **La Vigna** and hearing from all the branches of the family, especially the second and third generations whom most of us oldsters have never had a chance to become acquainted with. In addition, those of us who moved out of the "Burg" to far off places like sunny southern California have lost contact with our own generation except for very occasional visits across country. Last October we had the good fortune to spend three weeks with Lew and Bernice during a trip to ancient China and it was good to mix the old sights with old memories of our youth.

We are leaving in a few days for Spain, Portugal, and Morocco but we are hoping to see another issue when we return.

Best regards to all our relatives and friends "back home" and hello to those we never were able to get acquainted with.

Frances Devito Cohen
Dan Cohen

Dear Editor:

This is a little story (See p.1), based on a tale my father told me many years ago. It's much embellished, but the central incident is the "factual" kernel around which I've wrapped the story. It's location is a suburb of Trenton, though that's unnecessary to it.

I enjoy **La Vigna** very much. It's a great idea and the realization is even greater. Keep up the good work.

Best regards,
Bob Chianese
970 E. Santa Clara St
Ventura, CA 93001

William Whizzes to Win

by Terry Bilancio

In his last track meet of the season, William Bilancio (son of Terry Bilancio of Bath, NY, grandson of Rose Bilancio) raced to 1st place finishes in three events. He won the 100 meter dash, 200 meter dash, and was on the winning 400 meter relay team. This culmination of the 1984 track season fittingly finished Williams premiere varsity efforts for which he received a varsity letter.

Susan Chianese Garzio wrote the following poetic piece about her mother Assunta D'Angelo Chianese. Assunta was married to Angelo Chianese and was the mother of (in order of birth) Leo, Pat, Anthony, Joe, Lena (Esposito) and Sue (Garzio).

MY MOTHER

Born 1893

Died June 1978

By Susan Garzio

To know her is to love her.
To love her was a reward.

To those she did not know, she still gave of herself.
To those she did know, she gave even more.
To those who were unfortunate enough never to have known her I say, "What great Joy you have missed!"

To know her--was to have your life enriched.

Though she may have been ailing, she still made sure--as long as she was able to walk, she went to give comfort, help, or just some sign of concern which would console someone who may have been ailing more than she.

To know her was never to forget her.
To love her was to have a treasure stored up in your heart--as she has stored up many treasures in Heaven!

Yes, how very fortunate you are to have known her--how rich you are who have loved her!
How very lucky we are who are her children, so very luck to have had her this long!
How lucky we are to have had a saint for a Mom.

My mom--who has sacrificed herself for so many--from strangers in the hospital beds whom she would visit for the sole purpose of giving either physical or spiritual comfort to life long friends.

She gave much of herself to the "least of her brethren"--her "brothers and sister".

Lord, thank you for giving me my mom for these late years. You answered my prayer of my youth when I cried out that I might be cheated of having my mother for as long as my brothers and sisters had had her. And though I wish, as we all do, that she could have been with us longer, I thank you for her time with us. How fortunate are we whose lives she touched.

Six years and we still miss you, Mom.

'Scarole the Fool

(Continued from p.1)

with his stunned, comic stare and drowsy head. At dark, he often carried an unlit candle, seeming to search the streets for no one knew what. When he did spend a rare night indoors, he took a seat by the fireside and rocked in reverie rather than actually slept. On his lap, upside down, was a gift of the immense Father Joseph "the Arab," a devotional book of St. John Climacus, who urged a life of careful breathing and walking as the highest form of prayer.

When the people became forced immigrants, he joined them. As the ship left the curved bay, and tears poured from every eye, 'Scarole alone remained calm, as if a life of perpetual passage made him bold. The people felt blessed by his presence.

His life in America changed little. He walked the outlying settlement as once he had the village. Before dinnertime he would sniff out a welcome at some fragrant kitchen and eat his fill. On Sundays, he would wait by

Continued on page 5

CONGRATULATIONS ALL YOU GRADUATES



Staff & Writers this Issue

Corinne Bilancio	Dean Acquaviva
Lorraine Anthony	Francis Bilancio
Angelica Roberts	Susan Garzio
Angelo Chianese	Lucy Gervasio
Terry Bilancio	Robert Chianese
Micky Chianese	Roberta Immordin
Mary Armenti	Jason Armenti



REMEMBER TO WRITE TO LA VIGNA

'Scarole (Continued from p. 4)

the Church door and the charity sometimes fell into his hand instead of the priests'. On a rainy day, he found a warm corner by some fireside and ate fried chickpeas or honey dough strufoli. At his luckiest, he would accompany some family on an outing to the shore in the rented, open touring car.

Like everyone else, 'Scarole sobered at the sight of the sea, for curling waves and dancing lights quickened his thoughts of home. The shimmering horizon, the fragrant smell of sea grasses, opened clam shells and dampened sand, the cool wash of the racing wave--these tinged the memory with a painful hue. The Papa and Mama would peer towards home knowing the Atlantic touched the Mediterranean which lapped Napoli's shore. 'Scarole kept vigilant watch at the water's edge throughout the day--for a ship, a sign, what?--and was the last to nod his sun-reddened head under the stars that flew over the pine trees as the motor car sped home.

Soon, though, the younger men suspected 'Scarole of ordinary laziness and set to train him for work. Their renewed sense of industry in their adopted country found it hard to tolerate a man who wouldn't earn his keep. Much to their surprise, he seemed to know how to do just about anything. He could replace a broken pane, kill and dress poultry and make polenta. He knew how to plant, how to bury the branches of the inverted fig tree for wintering and how to throw together a bench from carpenter's scraps. Now a willing and able helper, he no longer roamed the streets and took a regular room with his earnings.

One day Luigi, known as "the deacon", approached him with a major project--to dig a wine cellar under

his house. Luigi, an exacting and irascible man, gave 'Scarole careful instructions. It was to be so deep and so wide, with earthen stairs running in such and such a way, dirt carried to this low spot in the yard and then piled here, there, and to be done in so much time. 'Scarole nodded at each directive, until finally the energetic Luigi set off in a sweat for his ten-hour shift in the woolen mill. But first he paid 'Scarole a handsome sum--twenty-five dollars, which 'Scarole counted twice and nodded one further nod of assurance.

Just before dark, Luigi arrived home, tired but eager to measure the progress on the wine cellar. Behind the house was a small pile of dirt, stuck with an idle shovel. The project had been hardly begun. Under the grape arbor, 'Scarole slept.

Furious, Luigi woke him: "What have you done, mascalzone!" Wasted the day! You sleep while I labor--and take my money. Fool!" And in his anger Luigi struck him.

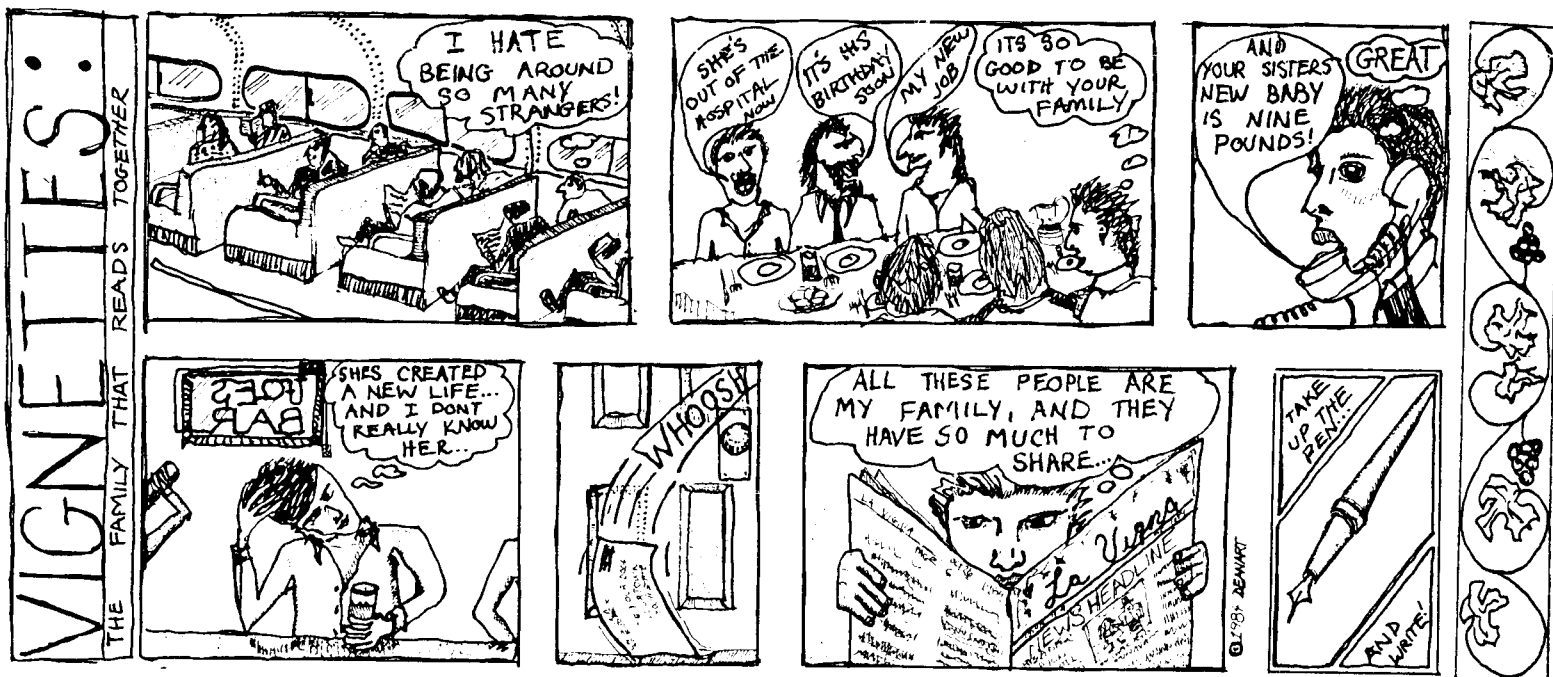
'Scarole stood up and rubbed the effects of the blow from his face. He put his hand in his rumpled pocket and took out the money. Carefully, he counted out fifteen dollars and repocketed the remaining ten. Astonished at 'Scarole's economy, his assessing a precise and considered cost for the blow, Luigi watched him enter the street and resume his habit of roaming, which he did from that day forward.

The author is a Professor of English, California State University, Northridge. He teaches courses in interdisciplinary humanities, women's and men's studies, British and American literature. He is a political and community activist, focusing on homelessness, racism and militarism. Winner of 1977 Mitchel Prize for essay on the future.

*rascal

ENJOY YOUR FAMILY

HAVE A SAFE JULY 4th



La Cucina

Nana's Biscotti Recipe (With Susie's slight "twist")

This month's recipe came from Sue Garzio on her "Notes from an Italian Mother" Stationery:

I used to watch Mom in "dibs and dabs" when she was baking. Tho' I really never got "in" to most of her concoctions, I did learn to make her most frequent and favorite which was the **Biscotti**. Perhaps it was because they're not only easy to make, but also seem to maintain their freshness for a long period of time, thus being ideal to have on hand for unexpected company for weeks at a time. Mom flavored them in various ways. Sometimes with lemon, almond or anisette flavor. I picked my favorite combination and have been making them for years. I have been receiving countless compliments from family and friends and felt it was time to share the recipe with everyone. Of course, you have to be the type person who likes a crisp biscuit-perfect for coffee dunkers. As an alternate, you can always cook them half-way thus having a softer, less golden, less crisp product. If you have any questions, give me a call. Good luck!

Cream together 1/2 lb margarine or butter and 2 cups sugar

Add 6 eggs, mix for 3-4 minutes*

4 cups flour to start, then add more until not sticky.

1 tblsp baking powder.

*for "Susie's twist", add 2 tbsp anise seeds AND 1 tsp vanilla.

Roll strips of dough as you would a gnocchi dough, only a thicker roll, approx. one inch is diameter. On a cookie sheet place 2 or 3 strips and press gently down on strips. Cook til golden. Remove from oven to cut in diagonal biscotti shapes. [Susie's way is to cut them 1/2 inch wide (diagonally) whereas the old-timers cut them about 1 inch]. Now lay them down on their sides in cookie sheet and cook until golden on each side (or brown like I like it).

Oven 3750

Cook 20-30 minutes

Sue's phone number: (609) 585 1457

NEXT LA VIGNA ISSUE

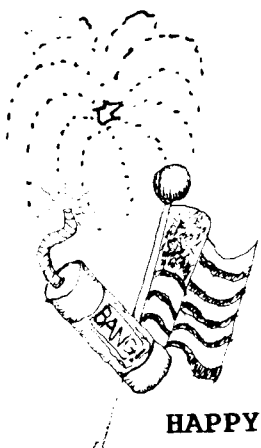
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Lawrenceville, NJ 08648

Send letters to the editor to: Corinne Bilancio
324 North Delsea Dr
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HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY!!